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MONDAY
JANUARY 11, 1954

Snow tumbling down. Packing, dressing, fussing, tipping, the last being the curse of travel. We got into the train at noon and reached Salzburg at 4:15, crawling through heavy drifts. The Orient Express had waited for us and, in spite of weather that grounded all airplanes and stopped the other continental expresses, we rolled into Paris only an hour late.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE A/CDC/MR
REVIEWED BY ekc DATE 7-1-81
☐or XDS☐EXT. DATE
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